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and at his words Angela Clive gave a little start, and stared in a strange, pale way, almost as if she remembered her fear in the woods.

"Those must be bad words you are saying," reproved Frances Helen, "or Angela Clive would not look straight at you, not saying anything. That is what she does when I am naughty."

"It was wicked slang," he said, leaning over to pat the head of the angel-child. "And I sha'n't do it again if it disturbs Miss Clive, and I shall be delighted to dine with your mother."

They drove back under a twilight sky. Sylvester offered to sit with the driver, and was grateful when Mrs. Beldon assured him that there was plenty of room in the back. He sat sideways where he could see every expression on Angela's lovely face, as she leaned back between the two other women, turning her head to listen now to one, now to the other. Sylvester wondered if he was perhaps not a writer after all; for he felt as if he could make a beautiful poem, expressive of her loveliness. But he spoke very little to her, chatting lightly to Mrs. Beldon and Mrs. Chester.

ONCE when they passed another road-house near New York, Angela, who was looking out of the window, gave a gasp. "What is it?" asked Mrs. Beldon.

"Nothing. I just saw someone I know." Sylvester had glanced out at the exclamation, and had seen Wallace's car, glowing scarlet under an arc lamp, Corrigan on the driver's seat. Doubtless Wallace had gone for more liquor. Mrs. Chester looked out of the back window.

"Why, that's Will Wallace's car!" she cried. "I know it because that new man of his, Corrigan, is on the seat. Did you hear from him when you were away, Nettie?"

"Oh, once or twice," returned Mrs. Beldon.

"He hasn't troubled to call on me," said Mrs. Chester; "though I knew his mother so well that she practically left him in my charge. I am afraid he inherits his father's common traits."

"He's just spoiled with too much money," said Mrs. Beldon indulgently, "and I don't think Sara Keene is good for him. She is too flattering and yielding. I never saw a man yet that her friendship wouldn't spoil; though she is nice enough herself. Angela, you are pale. Are you hungry?"

Jimmy Sylvester had been watching the girl. Evidently it was a surprise to her that her friends knew Wallace. Sylvester could not help speculating as to her own acquaintance with him.

"No, I'm not hungry, thank you, Mrs. Beldon," Angela replied.

"Nettie, please. We've adopted each other as sisters," Mrs. Beldon explained to Sylvester.

"Don't you wish sweet Angela Clive was your sister?" Frances Helen asked Sylvester sleepily.

Most emphatically Sylvester did not. Any relationship of any sort that he might come to have with Angela Clive he wished to make for himself, and not be born into. But he said diplomatically, "It would be nice if we had known each other all our lives."

"You may know me all your life," said Frances Helen comfortingly. "I'll marry you if you like, when I grow up."

"Will you, Dear?" he asked.

"Don't count on it too much," Mrs. Beldon warned him. "Frances Helen is of a giving disposition: she has offered to marry all the men who call."

"Better me than you, Nurse says," announced Frances Helen in a cryptic tone.

They fell into a gale of laughter, and then Mrs. Chester tactfully but firmly led the conversation into channels where young Frances Helen could not penetrate. Sylvester felt singularly carefree and competent. Despite his handicaps, he was going to meet whatever life brought him, and he was going to conquer! His spirits rose increasingly, and by the time they had turned east from Fifth-ave., and had dismounted before Mrs. Beldon's apartment, his happiness should have tempted the gods.

HE had the good sense to tear himself away soon after dinner. It was too late to go to a theater, and, even if it had not been, he felt that he did not want to be cooped within four walls. In spite of his long tramp of the afternoon, he struck south on Fifth-ave. He did not want to stride: he merely wanted to stroll and look up at the stars, and think of wonderful Angela Clive. So far, he was not aware how desperately he was in love with her. He was swimming too deeply in emotion to analyze. He only knew that she was the most alluring girl he had ever seen, and he was convinced that he had seen very many. He was thankful that she was only a governess; for that meant that

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